

Forbidden

by Lun1

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Summary: A short Lunar:SSSC piece, written in the first person from Xenobia's perspective, set before the battle with her in the Fortress of Althena, concerning her love for Ghaleon.

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Just a look. A glance in my direction. A few words. And then he was gone. Leaving me alone to watch this place. I am always alone.....silly me to wish that for once I could stand at his side.

To wish for something more from him.....some tender emotion borne of a heart I'm not sure even exists anymore. Even if it does, it's reserved for her.....and her alone. The one responsible for the harsh, cold life I and everyone in the Tribe has had to live for the past five hundred years. Not that that matters anymore.....I have ceased to care about those of the Tribe who stayed behind in the Frontier. Nothing matters anymore....except him. I don't even see her as the goddess who condemned the Vile Tribe to a slow death....I see her as simply my rival for his affections.

I can't forget the day I first met him. He had come to me to ask for the Tribe's assistance in achieving his goal of ruling the world. I could not help but agree.....not for the opportunity for my people to have their revenge for five centuries of suffering, but for the simple, selfish desire to be near him. I played like it was the former motivating me, never letting on that it was merely a silly infatuation driving me to help him.

He'd already won, in a way. His charming voice and cultured manner of speaking entranced me.....his eyes mesmerized me. It took only a glance and a handful of sentences to win the support of the Vile Tribe from me.....as well as my heart. In that moment, I was ready

and willing to do anything for him. And so I have.

But even as my love for him grew, so did my frustration.....and my pain. He does not seem to notice how deeply I care for him.....does not seem to return my affection. I want desperately sometimes to cast aside my pride and dignity, to throw myself at him and confess the love I feel deep within.....but the fear of having that disgusted sneer, that contemptuous laugh that he reserves for the Dragonmaster and his misfit band turned on me holds my tongue.

I never dreamed things would end up this way.....pining away for a man who shows no interest in me, who only cares for his own dream. I wonder sometimes if he is simply blind to my feelings, to all that is not directly involved with his plans. Or if he only pretends to be blind to them. I pray it is not the latter.....that would hurt far more than the former.

Perhaps he only needs to be made aware of how I feel....perhaps there is even some tender feeling within him reserved for me. Maybe after this is all over, I will tell him everything.....after all, once the Goddess seals herself away, he will be as alone as I am now. But I can comfort him....keep him company. And perhaps win back some affection in return. I resolve then, to tell him of my love once we are safe from that silly band of heroes who seek to destroy us. Then we can be together at last.....together forever.

End  
file.